

## The Man-Eating Tree

### "Out Of The Wind"

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Now and again  
Would come the invisible  
Out of the nether in  
Her finest dress  
Breaking free to haunt  
The eyes that saw

Then silver wires  
Hung in the haze  
Skin, and frail bones  
Hung in the night

Hunger for the marvel  
And worship of the fright  
As long as it's safer for us  
Than it was for her  
Haunting only softly  
Like daytime radio

Carrying a song he sings  
For the woods:  
Led her out of the wind  
And off into the smoke  
Led her out of the wind  
For the brandy and wine  
Led her out of the wind  
If only my bones wouldn't  
Begin so much to feel it  
Led her out of the wind  
Off into the smoke!

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